

Eight Months at the Front With the American Army

**DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE
GERMANY'S MAN POWER**
Statements That Germany's New Soldiers Are Weak and Inefficient Not Founded on Facts—Foe Is Drawing to Colors Every November 500,000 Boys Who Are for the Most Part Healthy, Well Disciplined and Well Equipped.

By Martin Green

(Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

SINCE my return from France I have heard many Americans declare that Germany is played out in man-power; that the young men called into the army every autumn when they reach the age of eighteen are undernourished, undersized and generally undesirable as soldiers. Persons making these statements have no first-hand knowledge of actual conditions at the front. I find upon inquiry that they have obtained their ideas from soldiers' letters, scattered newspaper or magazine articles or from statements or lectures made or delivered by civilians or statesmen who, by virtue of a pull, have taken what is known in the army as a "Cook's Tour" back of the front and have swallowed all the fantastic yarns that have been floating through all the Allied armies since the beginning of the war.

"But," these unconscious propagandists of alleged German military weakness insist, "the new German soldiers MUST be weak and inefficient. They have been starving for four years. The health and the teeth and the comfort of the young boys have been neglected. Germany's new man-power material is bad."

On the contrary, Germany's new man-power material is good. This assertion is based on actual contact with numerous young German prisoners taken by our forces and by the French. We have taken, since June, hundreds of prisoners who entered the German army in the days of 1917 and they are uniformly strong, healthy, well disciplined and well equipped youths—excellent fighting material.

One of our divisions captured, early in June, in the Chateau-Thierry sector, swarms of German boys who had been called to the colors in November, 1917. When the war broke out these boys were from fourteen and a half to fifteen years old. The American Intelligence Major who examined these young soldiers is an American of German blood with perfect knowledge of the German language and wide understanding of German character. For obvious military reasons he took particular pains in his interrogation and search of the youngest troops in the German army.

They were a smeary looking lot when first brought in; dirty, ragged, unshaven, red-eyed, weary and disconsolate. Their appearance was due to the fact that they had been fighting for five days and nights without sleep or provisions from their rear.

Sleep, food and an opportunity to clean up transformed them into straight, well set up, snappy soldiers. Many of the privates were quite ignorant and nearly all were stupid. But they knew the soldier game and their answers to inquiries, afterward checked up and confirmed, showed that in getting into action they had covered distances on foot equal to records made by some of our units of which we were quite proud.

ONE GERMAN BOY SOLDIER'S STORY IS ILLUMINATING.
One tall lad, the back of whose head ran straight up from the back of his neck to meet the top of his head at almost right angles, proved by his answers to questions to have something in the nature of brains in the front half of his cranium. His papers showed that he was eighteen years and one month old.

"You were taken before you were eighteen," said the American Major.
"I was just seventeen years and six months when I was called," replied the boy. "You see I was in my eighteenth year. Other boys in my village of the same age were called in November."

"We went into training and were called to the front in April. For more than one month we were in reserve far back of the lines. In May we received orders to proceed to the front, and our division travelled by train to a city the name of which I do not know, for we did not enter the city, but disembarked outside. Then we marched for three days and rested until May 26, when we moved again, this time into the battle. We entered the front lines five days ago and fought until we had to surrender."

"Did you know you were fighting Americans?" asked the Major.
"We heard so," answered the boy; "but it did not make any difference to us. You see, it was our first fight."

"Were all the boys you met who were called in your class as strong and healthy as you?" asked the Major, insinuatingly and smilingly.
The boy blushed with pleasure at the implied compliment.

HIS IDEA.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"Are you interested in prison reform?"

"Not particularly. Of course I admit that there is possibly much room for improvement in the conduct of our prisons, but my own idea is that it would be cheaper and better in the end to reform our young folks first so that there would be no necessity of ever sending them to prison."

GETTING HER MONEY'S WORTH.

(From the Youngstown (O.) Telegram.)

Mrs. Rankin—Mrs. Giddig says she takes a lot of comfort out of her new maid.

Mrs. Phyle—But isn't a maid a great expense to a person in her circumstances?

"Yes," but she says she gets her money's worth."

"How?"

"The girl is so pretty both of them always get seats on the street cars."

Three of This Fall's Novelties OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE WOMAN WHO LIKES TO ADD SOMETHING "DIFFERENT" TO HER WARDROBE.



Suit of silver cloth, in two tones—brown and tan. Braver collar and large pearl buttons afford attractive trimmings.

Novelty plaids and checks are employed in the development of this separate skirt. Here a large tan and brown checked skirt is worn with a heavy tweed cape. A suitable outfit for the outdoor girl.

General utility costume, developed in navy blue serge and black satin. The novel feature is the close pantalette, taking the place of petticoats.

Oldest Travelling Salesman "On the Job" at 90

John B. Clayton, Who's Been Selling Shoes Out of New York Sixty Years, Totes a Twenty-Pound Sample Case Over His Territory, Never Comes Back Without Several Orders, and Expects to Be "Still Going" for Ten Years More.

JOHN B. CLAYTON, probably the oldest active travelling salesman in the world, was given a silver loving cup by his fellow employees yesterday in honor of his ninetieth birthday anniversary. He is connected with the firm of Merritt-Elliott Company of Duane Street, and has been in the shoe business in New York City since 1858.

Mr. Clayton looks like a man of only sixty-five. His eyes are keen and clear, his hearing is good and he works from 9:30 A. M. to 4 P. M. without fatigue. Only a stoop of his shoulders gives any indication of the wear of time. He has four children, twelve grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren, some of the latter twenty years old.

He has been working in his present position only about twenty years. This is remarkable when you consider that the average salesman has retired long before the age of seventy years, and if he is still working he doesn't change jobs. But "Dad" Clayton felt himself right in the prime of life, and ready to make good with any firm he might fancy. Fifteen years ago his friends gave him a gold watch to commemorate his golden wedding anniversary. Last week when they made plans for the loving cup it seemed that to be truly efficient they should prepare for his one hundredth anniversary.

Regularly, twice a month, Mr. Clayton packs his sample case and departs on a tour of Jersey and Westchester County. He carries the twenty-pound case himself, and he never comes back without several orders. He works on a commission, and is considered one of the good selling men of the establishment.

When working in New York City he commutes regularly to Westfield, N. J., where he lives with a grand daughter, 24 hours of retiring and rising are the only regular things of his life. He goes to bed at 10 o'clock.



JOHN B. CLAYTON

every night and rises at 6 every morning, except Sunday, when he indulges himself in an extra half hour of sleep.

He eats exactly what happens to him.

appeal to his appetite or whatever his family has prepared for meals. He smokes, and has for seventy-five years. He chewed tobacco for fifty years, but gave up that habit recently, but simply as a matter of taste. He doesn't believe in prohibition, although he hasn't taken a drink at a bar in ten years. He has no advice to give to the seekers of perpetual life except for them to do what they want to and think best. And for his part he expects to be selling ten years from now.

"Clayton ranks among the oldest natives of this city. He was born at No. 194 Hudson Street in 1828. At that time the city did not extend above Canal Street, and his home was on the outskirts. He spent his boyhood between playing over meadows that are now the most valuable property in the world, and sitting on docks watching the white winged clipper ships sailing up the bay. He remembers a church at Franklin Square that with haired New Yorkers never knew existed. He worked on Maiden Lane when cloth, not diamonds, was its chief asset. And this patriarch has the spirit of a boy. He doesn't admit that he is growing old, because he doesn't believe it. Unless he's tired, he declares, he will be working in the shoe business indefinitely.

The Flags of the Allied Nations

By T. L. Sanborn

NO. 16—HAITI

THE new Republic of Haiti selected blue and red as the colors of the national flag, which it adopted in 1843.

The flag is divided into halves by a horizontal stripe of blue above a stripe of red, and displays on a white square in its center the Haitian coat of arms.

This coat of arms shows a palm tree surmounted with a crimson Liberty cap and flanked by six Haitian

Flags, three on either side of the tree. At the foot of the tree are stacked two rifles, a drum, and other warlike instruments. To the right and left of the palm tree stand two cannon pointing outward, each with a pile of cannon-balls by its side. The coat of arms also bears the motto, "Union fait la force"—"union makes strength."

The merchant flag of Haiti bears merely the horizontal blue stripe above the red, the white square and the coat of arms being omitted.

Haiti entered the war on July 15, 1917, as one of the Allies. Occupying part of a rich and beautiful tropical island in the Caribbean Sea, the Black Republic dominates a position of great strategic value from a naval standpoint.

Highest Patriotic Duty For Mothers Often Lies In Their Own Homes

They Can Serve Their Country by Devoting Their Time to Training Their Children to Become Good, Democratic, American Citizens of the Future, a Service Just as Valuable as "Working for the Government," in Positions Which Can Be Filled by the Women Who Have No Such Home Responsibilities.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
EVERY now and then some mother of children drops in upon me, and as she rounds the toe of an olive-drab sock recites a plaintive tale that I have come to know by heart.

Marian Jones is driving an ambulance in France. Mildred Burns is a nurse with the Fifth Base Hospital unit, Ethel Smith is making \$101 a month in the Government service. But what can I do? They are really clever women and they have no children. What can I accomplish, with Amanda only seven years old, Billy eleven and Mabel fourteen? I knit, of course, and roll bandages and make "panties" for the little Belgians, but what does all that amount to? I want to do something worth while. I may not have brains enough to earn \$101 a month, but I am sure I could earn something. What shall it be?

She pauses. And though I discourse eloquently for half an hour on the most essential of all the industries and declare that driving an ambulance, nursing the wounded or even earning \$101 a month of Government money—a simple performance which women who have never earned money view with pathetic respect—are all of less importance than bringing up three future citizens to be worthy of our part in the war, the disgruntled mother goes away wearing the same baffled and uncertain look with which she came.

Motherhood is by far the most difficult of all professions in which women can engage. But it is also the profession in which slacking is most easy.

There are, for instance, mothers who give all their care to their children's physical being and, even while they follow conscientiously the commandments of the body and air and diet them according to Holt, leave their minds to the chance contents of schools and streets and permit their souls to be still-born. Is there anything more dreadful than to be the mother of a little snob? And yet some women encourage snobbishness in children, deliberately instilling in them that it is more desirable to be friends with certain playmates than with certain other playmates.

Now and then a well-to-do mother who thinks herself very advanced announces that boys should go to public schools and learn to be democrats, but that she must send her girls to private establishments—inferentially to learn to be snobs. Yet it is really far more important for girls to learn while young to be democrats, for whatever nonsense a boy acquires at home or in school is sure to be knocked out of him by life and work, while a girl may be so unfortunate as to be "protected" from these corrective influences, and so preserve her foolishness intact to the grave.

Now and then we read about "ignorant" mothers who wear their babies on dill-pickles or overripe pears. Such ignorance is easily got at and overcome. The City Board of Health strives ceaselessly and effectively against it. It is really the most negligible form of material ignorance, because it is always being crusaded against and destroyed. The most dangerous ignorance because it is the hardest to reach is found on Fifth Avenue quite as often as in the street and in expensive

apartment houses more frequently than in tenements. It is the ignorance which sets false standards before children who, admiring inevitably what their parents admire, become far too often baby-worshippers of the Golden Calf.

It has always seemed to me that we Americans have bragged about the wrong virtues, that we were cast down about the things which should have exalted us and exulted over the things which should have cast us down. There is really nothing more admirable in producing the richest man in the world than in growing the largest pumpkin. And to have the greatest number of millionaires means merely that we have the greatest number of men to whom the passion for money amounts to fanaticism. Yet we have always bragged about our rich men. Meantime our great surgeons, our superb architects, our splendid painters were making America famous everywhere except in America, which was content to know its poets, its musicians, its artists of every sort in comic section jokes about their poverty and long hair. Americans who had grown up outside the mystic circle around the golden calf sometimes had difficulty in finding things to brag about, no matter how passionately they loved their country.

To-day we have something we can all be proud of together, the unparalleled idealism which took America into the war, the matchless valor of our young men, fighting as only crusaders for liberty can fight, and the fact that this country will live forever in the hearts of men as the most glorious because the most disinterested of all the combatants for human freedom.

The next generation in America will have to be worthy of this ideal, of these men, of this shining record, and it is the task of mothers to make it worthy. Why then should members of the most essential of all industries envy nurses and ambulance drivers in France or war workers in this country? For there is the biggest of all the war jobs. And they will have their hands full just living up to it for the next forty years.

Dr. Louise C. Ball, N. Y. Woman Responsible For Sound Teeth of Soldiers in Last Draft

When the Government needs a dozen skilled radio-technicians, or a hundred trained dentists' assistants to take the places of enlisted men, or a corps of workers to fix the teeth of drafted men, or some one to sell Liberty Bonds, Uncle Sam has a habit of calling on Dr. Ball, a pioneer in the movement to substitute woman-labor for man-power, to help solve America's industrial problems.

And to Dr. Ball goes a great deal of the credit that the drafted men of New York left this country with sound teeth and the fact that there was so little work necessary to repair their teeth. For it was Dr. Ball who conceived the idea of instituting in the public school a graded course in mouth hygiene. She also organized an oral hygiene course, presented it to Columbia University and, as Dean of the course, trained a group of women in this science.

When the Government asked for assistance in caring for the teeth of the men called into service, Dr. Ball's women-students used their experience in oral hygiene to care for a large number of drafted men. Recently, Dr. Ball has been asked to organize a war-course in oral hygiene for nurses who are to sail overseas for hospital duty. She will have charge of a special dental clinic and will give all nurses embarking from New York last-minute instruction.

While Dr. Ball was perfecting her work in oral hygiene she was searching about for a new opportunity for women in war work. She found it in the need of radiographers. Learning through conversation with doctors who had returned from overseas service the difficulties in securing radio technicians to handle portable machines in base hospitals and on the field, Dr. Ball secured a license to teach radiography. Through co-operation of Dr. Louise M. Webster, Director of the War Service Training School of the Department of Education, she announced the opening of a course for women in radiography. Dr. Ball's newest patriotic work is enrolling all of the members of her classes as active workers in the Fourth Liberty Loan.



ORAL HYGIENE CLINIC CLEANING TEETH OF DRAFTED MEN.